

Lance Mazmanian
note@mazmanian.net
Micro Fiction (129 Words)

Purple Dishsoap

We stood in dishsoap with its lavender/grape tone and with so many bubbles it looked a bit like a mask you'd wear in fencing, not super-multiple rectangular grids like that but more like distributed patterns of geometry and the occasional weird quantum thing. Soap soap soap. And damn, these shoes were just a week old, black and Ferrari-like because you could walk like a race car in a corner or one doing hot speed down a straightaway. The dishsoap now moves to quasi-lumpy blizzard, so much bubbling through the house in flower hue that maybe foamy mountains slipped inside the two hallways near the kitchen. Need to find escape before nothing but dishsoap and dishsoap...yet we need two coffee cups right now, to hit feet or fingers. Well, then.

End.